

*The History of*

*Prin.* O my sweet beoffe, I must still be good Angell to thee,  
the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it  
with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee, Iacke a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one  
that can steale wel? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or ther  
about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I  
praise them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,

To my brother Iohn, this to my Lord of Westmerland,

Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time:

Iacke meete me tomorrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know rhy charge, and there receiue,

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words braue world. Hostes, my breakefast come

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world,

By God I cannot flatter, I defie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe:

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Don.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so porent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well: What letters hast thou there? I can  
but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sick.

*Hot.* Zounds, how hat he the leisure to be sicke  
In such a iustling time? who leades his power  
Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

*Mess.* His letters beares his mind, nor this mind.

*Wor.* I prethee tell me doth he keepe his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth.

And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much feard by his Phisition.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,  
Ere he by sicknes had bin visited;  
His heath was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sickenow, droope now, this sicknes doth infect  
The very life-bloud of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any foule remou'd, but on his owne;

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction, we should on

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly posselt

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gath, a very linne lopt off,

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall find it; were it good,

To set the exact wealth of al our states;

All at one cast: to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good, for therein should we read

H

The